

K Sicklemore (R.)

THE
D R E A M.

A SERIO-DRAMATIC PIECE,

IN TWO ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

BRIGHTON THEATRE,

ON

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1796.

By RICHARD SICKELMORE.

*"There are an hundred Faults in this Thing: — A Real may be
"amusing with numerous Errors, or it may be very dull without a single
"Absurdity."*

GOLDSMITH.

L E W I S

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MDCCLXXII.

THE

D R E A M

A SERIO DRAMATIC PASTORAL

IN TWO ACTS

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE

BRISTOL THEATRE

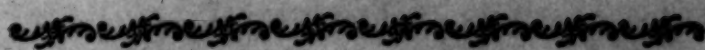


BY RICHARD SICKLEMORE

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MUSEUM

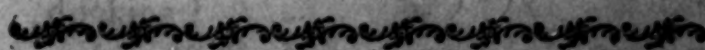


DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Bertrand Orwell,	- -	Mr. KEYS.
Alfred,	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Doctor Fortville,	- -	Mr. EMERY.
Halyard,	- - - - -	Mr. FIELD.
Subtle,	- - - - -	Mr. MATE.
Thomas Fearful,	- - -	Mr. WALCOT.
Bailiff,	- - - - -	Mr. GILLILAND.
Milford,	- - - - -	Mr. COOKE.
President,	- - - - -	Mr. WHEELER.
Servant,	- - - - -	Mr. WOOD.

AND,

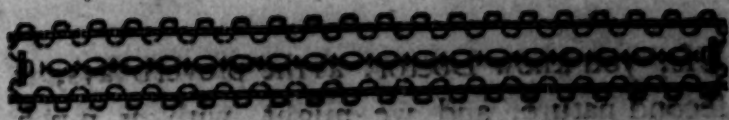
Mrs. Willoughby,	- - -	Mrs. FULLAM.
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 Alfred, . . . Mr. ARCHER.
 Doctor Fortinble, . . . Mr. EMERY.
 Haynes, . . . Mr. FIELD.
 Sophie, . . .
 Thomas Pearson, . . .
 Daint, . . .
 Milford, . . . Mr. COOKE.
 President, . . . Mr. WHEELER.
 Servant, . . . Mr. WOOD.
 AND
 Mrs. Willoughby, . . . Mrs. FULLAN.





T H E

D R E A M.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Room in Mrs. WILLOUGHBY's House, with a Prospect of a distant Wood from the Window.

Enter Mrs. WILLOUGHBY and Dr. FORTVILLE.

Doctor Fortville.

AND is there no possibility, dear Madam, of curing him of this intolerable habit of drinking?

Mrs. Willoughby. I am afraid not, good Doctor. Drinking has ever been his predominant vice; and that like every other ill habit we accustom ourselves to, sticks by us to the last.

B

Use,

Use, you know Doctor, as the proverb says, is second nature, and we might, with as much probability of succeeding, attempt to close the fiery mouth of the burning *Ætna*, as to induce him to forbear his tankard, and become a rational being.

Doctor Fortville. But 'tis worth the trial, however; and if our endeavours prove fruitless, you know we are but just where we began after all; on the contrary, should we be successful, we shall have the happiness of saving one honest fellow from destruction, and his miserable family from starving.

Mrs. Willoughby. One honest fellow! rather say one idle vagrant, who, instead of exerting his abilities in his business, to preserve himself and family from ruin, gives them up to the iron hand of poverty, and reduces himself beneath the envy of a brute.

Doctor Fortville. But why (if I may be so bold as to ask) do you interest yourself so much for this incorrigible fellow?

Mrs. Willoughby. You shall hear. Some fifteen years ago, as well as I can remember, as I was driving down yon lawn, which was then my daily custom, in my chaise and pair, to enjoy the cool breeze arising from the river which winds along yon wood, my horses on a sudden

sudden took fright at the appearance of a dead animal, which lay extended near the river, and cross'd the road which I should pass. Fruitless were my endeavours to govern the unruly animals ; whose terror encreased with mine. In vain I rent the air with shrieks for assistance, till a man, (father of him on whom we have been consulting), hasten'd to my preservation, just at the moment my horses, tired with fruitless struggles for liberty, plunged with me into the river. Apparently lifeless, he bore me to his cottage, which stood hard by the lawn. To that good man I ow'd my life ; who in extricating me from the reins (in which I was entangled) received such a blow on his breast, from the hoof of one of my horses, that it was with difficulty he could bear me to his home : the pain and anguish of the wound deprived him of his senses, and ere I was well recover'd, my deliverer expir'd ! His son, whom I found in a paroxysm of despair for the loss of his father, (then his only friend) was about twelve years of age ; him I took home with me, determined the gratitude I owed the father should be transferr'd to the son.

Doctor Fortville. Pray what was this same man ?

Mrs. Willoughby. He was originally a merchant

chant in affluent circumstances, who, after having buried his wife and four small children, and being reduced through losses at sea by shipwreck, and partly by the villainy of those he once thought his dearest friends, disgusted with the world, retired, with his little all, to the cottage where I found him. The whole of the wreck of his fortune consisted in a few pieces of household furniture, with an annuity of about forty pounds, which his creditors could not touch, and this his only son.

Doctor Fortville. Strange! that under the example of so good a preceptress as yourself, Madam, his son should thus early addict himself to that insufferable habit of drinking.

Mrs. Willoughby. I did my utmost endeavours to instil into his young mind those passions, which I wish'd not to have been eradicated as he grew older. A more hopeful youth never presented himself; I apprenticed him to a draper, he serv'd his time with honour to himself, and credit to his master; from thence he married (with my consent) to a woman, whose poverty was her only fault. I placed him in business, where he might have done well, 'till he joined himself with a society of strollers, and became a member of a spouting club; from that time I date his ruin—up all night—in bed

all day—business neglected—and himself in hourly expectation of a prison; thrice have I released him from the rude, unfeeling grasp of the bailiff, and thrice would I release him again, would he but endeavour to assist himself: At present he repays my kindnesses with black ingratitude, and tells me that 'tis my duty to save the son of the man, who preserv'd my life.

(A loud knocking at the door)

Who's there?

Alfred, (from without)

" 'Tis I, Hamlet the Dane."

Mrs. Willoughby. Here he comes, intoxicated, I suppose, as usual; if not with the fumes of wine, with the manners of the club, of which he is an honorable member:—Now, Doctor, for a touch of the sublime.

S C E N E II.

Enter ALFRED.

Alfred. "Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment."
—I beg pardon, Ma'am, your humble servant.

Mrs. Willoughby. Pray, Sir, to what unfortunate circumstance do I owe the honour of this visit? In your present situation, absence is best company, and the beauties of Shakespeare (strange to relate) weary me.

Alfred,

Alfred, (spouting)

"It wearies me; you say it wearies you:

"But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,

"What stuff 'tis made of, whereof 'tis born,

"I am to learn——

"And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,

"That I have much ado to know myself."

Doctor Fortville. I don't wonder at that.

Alfred. "Father, what news! what sorrow

"craves acquaintance of my hand, that I yet

"know not?"

Doctor Fortville. Damn me, but he's mad!

Mrs. Willoughby. I beg, Sir, you will be more respectful to my company; for why am I thus intruded on?

Alfred. Why, the truth is, Madam, I've a house full of curst intruders at home, who want what I've not got to give them.

Mrs. Willoughby. Pray what may that be, Sir?

Alfred. Money.

Mrs. Willoughby. Money!

Alfred. Ay, money! or I must kick those infernal rascals out of my house, with as little ceremony as they came in, and then——

Mrs. Willoughby. What then, Sir?

Alfred. I must blow out my own brains, to get quit of the consequences of the law.

Mrs.

Mrs. Willoughby. In thy present state, presumptuous, dar'st thou die?

Alfred. Why not?

“The sense of death is most in apprehension;

“And the poor beetle that we tread upon,

“In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great,

“As when a giant dies.”

Mrs. Willoughby. And is there nothing more to fear than the pains of dying, no dread of aught after death? to die——

Alfred. “To sleep

“No more, and by a sleep to say, we end

“The heart ach, and the thousand nat’ral shocks,

“That flesh is heir to; ’tis a consummation

“Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep—

“To sleep, perchance to dream; aye, there’s

“the rub,

“For in that sleep of death what dreams may

“come.”

Doctor Fortville. Well said, young man; if you do but feel what you so pathetically express, I’ve some hopes of you yet.

Mrs. Willoughby. Well, Sir, if I could be certain from this, that you would keep yourself sober, and leave off those rhapsodies, I might this once be inclined to favour you; but remember, till I see an amendment, ’tis the last time.

Alfred.

Alfred. " If I were now to die ; 'twere now
" to be most happy.

" For I fear my soul hath her content so absolute,
" That not another comfort like to this,
" Remains in unknown fate."

Mrs. Willoughby. Again, Sir, leave me ;
lest I revoke what I have partly promis'd.

Alfred, (aside) I feel I've not wine enough
in my upper story, I'll soon remedy that
deficiency.

(*from without*)

Halloo, Halloo, Alfred, Alfred, where are you ?

Mrs. Willoughby. Do you hear, Sir, some
of your noisy companions calling in the street,
you remember the conditions on which——

Alfred. " Hark ! the glad trumpet sounds ;
" to horse away,

" My soul's in arms and eager for the fray."

Mrs. Willoughby. Heigho ! Now if you
please, Doctor, explain to me the plot you
have in agitation, for the reformation of Mr.
Alfred ; and acknowledge, that what you have
seen and heard is above your comprehension,
and of course beyond the reach of physic.

Doctor Fortville. I do not despair yet, Ma-
dam ; but to business. Suppose this evening,
when he quits his intoxicated sons of riot, for
the more peaceful retreat of his bedchamber,
instead

instead of conveying him there, (as is usual when he's not able to conduct himself) we have him carried to the coal vault, a coffin, shroud, and other appendages that are necessary for the burial of the dead, must be ready to receive him, likewise infernal dresses must be provided for the servants, whom we must appoint to assist us and instruct accordingly; where, when the fumes of the wine he has been drinking, begin to disperse, and reason once more takes her seat, we must endeavour to persuade him, that he died in a state of inebriety, and is then just risen from the dead.

Mrs. Willoughby. Why, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Doctor Fortville. Let me alone, trust every thing to me, and I doubt not but the issue will accord with my expectations. If the terror of eternal torments, when he awakes and finds himself in the infernal regions, does not make some impression on his mind, and leave some fear on the tablet of his memory, some remorse for the unhappy hours he has spent, when he is evinced to the contrary, and our scheme disclosed to him, then say I'm no hand at contriving; and he in a fair way of being in real earnest, as we have just before left him in imagination. He lives you say——

C

Mrs.

Mrs. Willoughby. Next door, in a tenement of mine ; but step with me to my closet, and we'll discuss this matter farther.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The outside of HALYARD'S Cottage.

Enter HALYARD and SUBTLE.

Halyard. Aye, ble's your honour, he was a kind indulgent master. I never think of him but past happiness obtrudes itself upon my memory, which, compared with my present misery, gathers in my mind a dreadful hurricane.

Subtle. With your present misery ! that's droll enough. I always conceived you a happy man, Halyard ; have you not a comfortable house over your head, have you not every convenience of life in a moderate way, and let me tell you, Master Halyard, that's more than thousands can boast of. Present misery ! that's droll enough !

Halyard. I complain not, Sir, of the dispensations of Providence, with respect to myself, but eat my homely fare contented, and acknowledge with pious gratitude, the obligation I am under, to Him who sent it. But when I think of my dear Master, Alfred
Orwell

Orwell——but no matter, Sir, I am striving against the tide, am speaking to one, whose heart has long been callous to the feelings of humanity.

Subtle. That's droll enough ! callous to the feelings of humanity ! I hope it ever will remain callous to the impulse of folly. I never make the distresses of others my own ; every tub upon its own bottom, Master Halyard, 'tis enough to bear one's own troubles and crosses in life, without carrying the burden of others.

Halyard. 'Tis now, I think, about twenty-seven years, since Sir Bertrand forced his son to sea ; 'bout the same date, his daughter died of a broken heart, and left a dear little cherub, dependant on the bounty of a poor old weather-beaten tar.

Subtle. That was droll enough ! Why did you not take the child to Sir Bertrand Orwell ?

Halyard. So I did ; but Sir Bertrand refused to see him. His heart is made of the same materials as thine, that would defy the tale of wretchedness to raise the tear of commiseration in his eye. I took the boy home with me. I had all the affection of a father for him, and the gratitude I ow'd his parent, made the tie more binding. He found me a poor distressed Seaman,

who had fought the battles of his country, had lost his little all in the service, and was rewarded with poverty and contempt. He raised me from indigence, placed me in the hut which I now possess, gave me a boat and nets, and left me in a state of comparative affluence. Should I then desert a child of his ! sooner would I pluck this heart from my care-worn breast, than suffer it to become callous to the feelings of gratitude !

Subtle. But why did Sir Bertrand send his son to sea ?

Halyard. For marrying without his consent.

Subtle. That was droll enough !

Halyard. Eighteen short months smiled upon their happy nuptials,—happy, till Sir Bertrand discover'd their connexion ; he burst upon them like an angry fiend, and crush'd them beneath the load of his resentment.

Subtle. But why did Sir Bertrand object to his son's nuptials, and that too, when it was past remedy.

Halyard. Though the lady whom his son married had every virtue that is inherent in the sex, it did not compensate for her being poor.

Subtle. That was droll enough !

Halyard. For which reason, he was determined (as he could not disannul their marriage) they should both have cause to repent of their temerity.

temerity. He engaged with a Captain Smith to convey his son privately to India; he was trepann'd on board, and in an unlucky moment the sails were unfurl'd for Indostan, at which place they never arrived.

Subtle. How so pray?

Halyard. You shall hear. One very hazy night, as I was fishing near the shore, with a tight breeze from the South West, I heard a signal gun of distress fired to windward, I listen'd a few moments and heard a second gun, and after that it seem'd a whole broadside, when all of a sudden, the sea appear'd illuminated, and the piercing shrieks that accompanied this burst of light made me soon conceive the fatal truth: I immediately slip't my cable; determin'd to give every possible assistance to those whom fate had thrown into so dangerous a predicament, at the hazard of my life: I made the wreck; for the thought that I might have it in my power to save a fellow-creature from destruction, banish'd fear, and made my heart in the midst of dangers, light as a good man's conscience. In a little time, the vessel blew up;—O Heavens! the horror of that scene!—and then left me as it were, in pitchy darkness, save where here and there the expiring embers floating on the water, appear'd like little stars twinkling

ling through the fog, to guide me on ; all was now still, and the poor mariners had sunk down to that bourne, from whence no traveller returns ; when I observ'd floating by my boat, part of her mast and rigging, and something I descried entangled in the shroud, but could not discover what it was. I thrust my hand over the gunnel of the boat, and drew the rigging towards me ; I grasp'd a man's leg ! and with some difficulty extricated him from the ropes that had twin'd round him, and haul'd him aboard my boat. He was not quite dead, though life seem'd ebbing fast. I chafed his temples, pour'd a little brandy down his throat, took off his wet clothes, and wrapt him up in the best covering my boat would afford ; struck a light, and holding it full in the face of the dying man (to see if I could discover any farther signs of existence), judge of my grief and astonishment, when in the person of my dying guest, I beheld my only friend and benefactor, Alfred Orwell !!!

Subtle. That was droll enough !

Halyard. The light fell from my hand, a sudden dizziness seiz'd my brain ; it was with much difficulty I could support myself from falling. I, however, had just power sufficient to reach my brandy bottle, took a hearty swig,
and

and was, in a little time again capable of being serviceable to my benefactor, whom I found just sufficiently recover'd to make myself known to him ; he grasp'd my hand, tried to speak, but could not ! the exertion was too much for him, I read his thoughts, and convinc'd him as well as my agitation would permit me, that I would be a protector to his wife and child ; he would have thank'd me again, pressed my hand, heav'd a deep sigh, and expired in my arms.

Subtle. That was droll enough !

Halyard. It were impossible for me to describe to you my feelings, when I beheld my ever-to-be-lamented master dead in these arms, —suffice it to say, that I convey'd his body to my dwelling, dispatch'd a note to Sir Bertrand, informing him of the sad catastrophe, and requested to know his pleasure concerning the body of his son.

Subtle. Well, and what answer did you receive from Sir Bertrand ?

Halyard. On the receipt of my note, proper persons were immediately order'd to take charge of the funeral, for to do Sir Bertrand justice, though he depriv'd his son of every comfort while living, he had him buried with all the pomp and splendor Orwell manor could afford.

Subtle.

Subtle. That was droll enough ! but pray what became of his wife, young Madam Orwell ?

Halyard. Ah ! poor dear young lady ! it broke her heart. One grave received them both ; the knell that summon'd my dear master to his ground abode, toll'd at the same time the last sad obsequies for his wife.

Subtle. I don't know how it is, Master Halyard, but I've a strange moister springing from my eyes, and such a twinging queer kind of feel in my nose, that I could cry, if I was not asham'd ; and that's droll enough !

Halyard. Asham'd ! give me your hand, excuse the blunt freedom of an old worn-out tar ; many a time has the same tale made these two parch'd eyes of mine, drop like icicles in the Sun ; and this poor, shatter'd frame, which ever scorn'd to be depress'd by hardships, when dictated by duty, languid and spiritless.

Subtle. And what became of their offspring ? I have reasons for being thus minute in my enquiries. I presume you know I'm Sir Bertrand's steward.

Halyard. I do, Sir, or I had not thus far satisfied your curiosity. When Sir Bertrand refused to receive his grandson, and order'd me to be turn'd out of his house for daring thus to trouble

trouble him, he desired the servant to tell me to provide for the brat, as an atonement for the property I had wheedled from his son ; for so he called his son's kindneses to me.

Subtle. That was droll enough ! but proceed.

Halyard. I took him at his word, had the boy home with me, provided him with a nurse, and reduced myself to the utmost stretch of human-nature to support him—My finances grew low—I had not wherewithal to maintain us both—The nurse grew clamorous, she must have the money, or I must have the child. I again waited on Sir Bertrand, who a second time order'd me to be turn'd into the street. I was reduc'd to desperation, when the God of Heaven, who never deserts those that rely on him, at this critical juncture releas'd me from my difficulties, gave my boy a protector more able to provide for him, and me joy in the extreme.

Subtle. That was droll enough !

Halyard. A gentleman passing by Sir Bertrand's house at the time I was forcibly turn'd out of it, and observing my agitation, stopped and enquired the cause of my apparent sorrow, and seem'd to sympathize in my distress. I related to him minutely the particulars of my woe-fraught tale, which when I had finish'd,

D

he

he took me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes, for my tale had affected him, told me he would be to the boy that friend I expected to find in Sir Bertrand; and he was as good as his word; he took him home to his house, call'd him his own son, and no one but our two selves knew aught to the contrary; he had been with him about twelve years, when this good man was killed in rescuing a lady (one Mrs. Willoughby) from her carriage, which the horses had overturned, and but for his timely assistance, must have lost her life; I now expected the boy would have fallen again under my protection, but in that I was disappointed: Mrs. Willoughby proved that guardian to him, which her rescue had deprived him of; nor does she know to this day, but he was the son of her brave deliverer—but see yonder comes Sir Bertrand, step into my cottage.

Subtle. Know then, that I was sent to you from Sir Bertrand, to make enquiries respecting his grandson; but my own curiosity to know the story from yourself, made me thus tardy on the business I was sent upon;—Sir Bertrand relents—

Halyard. You surprize me! twenty-seven years and upwards—

Subtle.

Subtle. Come, come, not a word more, step with me into your cottage, I have something particular to say before the arrival of Sir Bertrand; and see, he's just here—that's droll enough!

SCENE IV.

Enter SIR BERTRAND ORWELL.

Sir Bertrand. The air blows fresh, and exhilarates the spirits, after a dull close room, and an unsociable fire-side. Time used not to lag so heavy with me, till I murder'd my poor boy!—down conscience!—will not near thirty years of sad contrition satisfy thy merciless craving?—then to refuse his child—but pride damn'd pride, made me spurn the only comfort left within my grasp, lest the world might be led to suppose I repented of my proceedings, and acknowledged my errors, when it was too late to benefit any one but myself. But now my determination's fixed;—in this hut, if I mistake not, resides Halyard, poor old Halyard, who almost starved himself to provide for the grandson of a man, who has more riches than he knows how to expend—damn'd thought—but now for the purpose on which I came——

S C E N E V.

(*As he walks to HALYARD'S door, ALFRED enters from the opposite side, and claps him on the shoulder*)

Alfred. I know you, — “ you’re a fish-monger.”

Sir Bertrand. Fishmonger !—Scoundrel !—know you whom you thus address ?—

Alfred. ——— “ A hungry, lean-fac’d villain,
“ A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
“ A thread-bare jugler, and a fortune-teller,
“ A needy, hallow-ey’d, sharp-looking wretch,
“ A living dead man.”

Sir Bertrand. Some wretched maniac ; yet his features seem familiar to me :—If you are capable of giving a reasonable reply, answer me, Who are you ?

Alfred. “ A man, and a bold one too,
“ who dare look on that which might appal the
“ devil.”

“ Look ye, Sir, I’m Lord Scratch,—very warm
“ Tragedy weather, Sir,—but for my part
“ I hate Summer, and I’ll tell you why.”

Sir Bertrand. Miscreant ! answer me one word more upon any subject, but informing me who and what you are——

Alfred.

Alfred. “ Don’t you see what I am ? Have
 “ I not eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses,
 “ affections, passions ? Fed with the same food,
 “ hurt with the same weapons, warm’d and
 “ cool’d by the same Winter and Summer as
 “ you are ? if you prick me, do I not bleed ?
 “ if you tickle me, do I not laugh ? if you poi-
 “ son me, do I not die ? and if you wrong me,
 “ shall I not revenge ?—If I wrong you, what
 “ is your humility ? Revenge. If you wrong
 “ me, what should my sufferance be by your
 “ instruction ? Why, Revenge. The villainy
 “ you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go
 “ hard but I will better the example.”

Sir Bertrand. By heaven, I will make an ex-
 ample of you.

Alfred. ——— “ Thou lovest labour,
 “ As easy may’st thou the intrenchant air
 “ With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
 “ I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 “ To one of woman born.”

Re-enter *SUBTLE.*

Subtle. What noise is that I hear ; I wonder
Sir Bertrand is not arrived.

Sir Bertrand. Ha, *Subtle* ! I’m glad you
 are come ; this fellow’s insolence has wrought
 hard upon my patience ;—but say, how fare’s
 my son ? *Alfred.*

Alfred. "Your son, my Lord, has paid a
"soldier's debt ;

"He only liv'd but till he was a man,
"The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
"In the unshrinking station where he fought,
"But like a man he died."

Sir Bertrand. Ha ! the villain's words speak
daggers to my soul ; knows *he* aught about my
son ? that thus his rhapsodies do set so close
withal ?

Alfred. "For 'tis a deed so horrid, that but
"to hear it,

"Would strike into a ruffian flush'd in murders,
"Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion ?"

Sir Bertrand. Support me Subtle——suffer
me to walk into Halyard's cottage, I feel my-
self ill——

Subtle. Rest yourself on my arm, Sir,—
(*to Alfred*) and wait you till I return, and every
bone in your skin shall witness the affection I
bear you.—This way, Sir.

[*Exeunt Sir Bertrand and Subtle.*

Alfred. ——— "I have heard
"That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
"Have by the very cunning of the scene
"Been struck so to the soul, that presently
"They have proclaim'd their malifactions."
I'll not wait the issue of this adventure, lest this
fellow

fellow should be induc'd to keep his word, and his arguments prove more forcible than I could find words to resist. I intended calling on Halyard, but as matters have turn'd out, think it hardly safe.

“Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,

“Or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo,

“Use your legs,

“Take the start, run away.”

[Exit Alfred.]

Enter HALYARD.

Halyard. Where is this lubber, who dare be insolent to his betters?—slipt the cable—cut and run—well, I'm not sorry for it, as your absence does not detain me from Sir Bertrand; the first visit he has paid me since the death of his son, and then he spoke so kindly too. Oh! may I but live to see him reconcil'd to his grandson!—(Ingrate, as he is, he is still my benefactor's child)—and I shall have liv'd long enough to say, I am arriv'd at the summit of my wishes in this world, and care nought how soon I'm summon'd to take my trial, and become a member of the next.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*[A Room in a Tavern, Company round the Table
Drinking, and Smoaking]*

(All together, as the Scene rises)

HUZZA ! HUZZA ! HUZZA !

President,

COME, Gentlemen, charge your glasses ;
I am afraid poor Alfred's in limbo, by
his long absence,—but no matter ;—if Mrs.
Willoughby has deserted him, he's as well
there as any where else, for any advantage our
club will reap from him ; to be sure he spends
his money freely when he has any to spend, and
when he has not any, we can as freely dispense
with his company ;—but come, Milford, let
us proceed to business ; to begin, favour us
with a song.

Milford.

Milford.

SINCE now we're all seated, so jocund and gay,
 In spight of the brawls of the nation ;
 Let's merrily pass the remains of the day,
 Each happy and snug in his station.
 Blythe Momus, inspire us, 'tis Friendship invites,
 May the Gods all combine to approve
 Our innocent pastime, our joyous delights,
 In a bumper to friendship and love.

When Night's sable curtain spreads over the earth,
 And warns us 'tis time to depart,
 May the joys of the day to another give birth,
 'Tis the Spring which ennobles the heart ;
 One more toast, my good boys, before we resign,
 The KING ! (hear it angels above)
 May he long flourish happy with those who consign
 A bumper to friendship, and love.

President. The toast has given me spirits,
 music strike up, and I'll extend the subject,
~~farther~~

*LET Envy's dark Demons be banish'd from earth,
 The champions of calumny fall,
 The death of those miscreants to virtues give birth,
 Which constitute Liberty-Hall ;
 Then, Briton's rejoice, attend honour's call,
 Toast—King, Constitution, and Liberty-Hall.

* The Music to the Airs may be had of Mr. PRINCE,
 Organist, Brighton.

May Albion's isle as of old be rever'd,
The terror of traitors, example to all,
Magna Charta defend, that justly endear'd
Primeval supporter of Liberty-Hall;
Then, Briton's rejoice, attend honour's call,
Toast—*King, Constitution, and Liberty-Hall.*

S C E N E II.

(*Enter ALFRED, intoxicated, Company rises to salute him*)

President. Alfred, my dear fellow, how fare you; your late attendance has ruined the conviviality of our meeting, we have done nothing but bemoan your absence, these two hours.

Alfred. "Your sorrows have eaten up my
"sufferance;"——Pray, Gentleman, be seated.

President. Gentlemen, to order, order, order
—fill Mr. Alfred a davy. Come, Sir, you're
a bottle behind hand.

(*Presents Alfred with a rummer of Port.*)

Alfred. "So I take off this bumper, (*drinks*)

"and now I can stand the test,

"And my comrades shall see that I'll die as
"brave as the best." (*Sings.*)

President. Well said, my heart of oak!
game to the spine!

Alfred. "If thus a man can die,

"Much bolder with brandy."

(*Fills his glass with Brandy.*)

"For

" For valour the stronger grows,
" The stronger liquor we're drinking,
" Then how can we feel our woes,
" When we've lost the trouble of
" thinking."

" Oh! for a few short moments to tell you
" how my heart bleeds for you."

President. Bleeds for whom?

S C E N E III.

Enter a BAILIFF.

Alfred. " Angels and ministers of grace
" defend us !

" Be thou spirit of health, or goblin damn'd ?"
(to the Bailiff.)

Bailiff. Cup, cup, Sir, you're my prisoner ;
and I suppose you Gentlemen know consequences too well to attempt a rescue.

Alfred. Of all men else I have avoided
thee.

Bailiff. Of all men else I have sought after
thee.

Alfred. And for thy kindness,

" May this arm,
" Throw thee to the earth, like a dead dog,

" despis'd ;
" Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,

“Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of a villain

“Light on me, if ever I forgive thee.”

Bailiff. Heydey ! is the man drunk, or beside himself ?

Alfred. Instantly quit the room ;

“Or by the Gods I’ll lay a scene of blood,

“Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.”

President. Compose yourself, my dear fellow, matters may yet turn out better than you imagine ;—will you, Sir, accompany us peaceably to Mrs. Willoughby, where if every thing is not settled to your satisfaction, we’ll then resign Mr. Alfred to your protection :—What say you, Sir ?

Bailiff. I’ve no objections,—only give me good words ; there’s more flies caught with honey than vinegar.

President. Come then, Mr. Alfred, you seem a little deranged, place yourself in this chair, and we’ll save you the trouble of walking ; come, Sir, sit down,—nay, but I insist,—gentlemen, assist me—

(They force him into a chair.)

Alfred. Stand off, I insist on not riding thus :—That villain came to fetch my body, and damn me, but he shall carry it.

“An horse, an horse, my kingdom for an horse.”

(jumps on the Bailiff’s back.) [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

The outside of HALYARD'S Cottage.

*(Enter Sir BERTRAND ORWELL and HALYARD,
as from the Cottage.)*

Sir Bertrand. By the description you have given me, it must have been my grandson, who insulted me previous to my entering your cottage; methought his features seem'd familiar to me; he's very like his father; what say you, think 'twas not he?

Halyard. I am afraid it was, Sir Bertrand; his conduct latterly, has given me great uneasiness.

Sir Bertrand. Say, knows he aught to the contrary, that the good old merchant was his father?

Halyard. He does, Sir; I inform'd him (since the death of Mr. Barclay) that he was not his father, without disclosing to him the secret of his birth; as I did not wish to buoy him in any expectancies, save those bestow'd on him by Mrs. Willoughby, 'till I had effected his admission into your family, which, 'till within these few hours, I had long since despair'd of.

Sir

Sir Bertrand. And well you might ; but spight of my inflexibility and unfeeling behaviour, a diadem were dearly bought at the expence of what, within these thirty years, I have voluntarily brought upon myself.

Halyard. Shall I attend you to Mrs. Willoughby's, Sir, or would you first wish an interview with Mr. Alfred ?

Sir Bertrand. No, not with Alfred, at present. I am not sufficiently prepar'd. I feel myself unequal to the task ; besides, I should wish him a little reform'd before I discover myself to him,—or I may subject myself again to insult. I have no objection to waiting on Mrs. Willoughby.—*Halyard,* I feel myself so infinitely obliged by your generous and uninterested conduct, that it would make me excessively unhappy, did you not agree to resign your cottage, and spend the latter part of your days with one who reverences you for your virtues ; and who, in endeavouring to excite your happiness, promotes his own : — What say you ? Shall we be friends ?

Halyard. Sir Bertrand, I want words to express what I now feel,—excuse me, Sir, (*weeps*) your generosity overpowers me ; — I have stemm'd the gales of adversity, and weather'd the quicksands of despair, and hope, on each trying

trying occasion, have never prov'd myself unworthy the name of an Englishman. Misfortune and myself are nearly allied, and I never yet obtain'd a friend, who was not early admitted into the same unlucky family. No wonder then, this sudden squall of joy should almost overwhelm the ship, and send this poor shatter'd hulk to the bottom.

Sir Bertrand. Halyard, give me your hand; from this moment we are brothers. We have both drank largely of the bitter potion of adversity, though from different causes. Your's proceeded from innate rectitude, which, (however gloomy in appearances) finds, though a slow, a sure reward at last, affords a charming retrospect, makes your latter days happy, and eases the pains inherent to the bed of death. Mark the contrast; misfortunes like mine, originating from ambition, avarice, cruelty, and oppression, afford a retrospect dark as Erebus; bend my grey hairs with sorrow to the last stage of my wretched existence, and make the pangs of a death-bed horrible to human nature.

Halyard. Unless the cardinal virtues, with heavenly inspiration, oppose those dæmons of darkness, (from whom proceeded all thy calamities), sink them to their native hell, and leave the mind, from which they have been disseized,

disseized, pure, and as unfullied as our Omnipotent Maker first design'd it should be.

Sir Bertrand. Come then, Halyard, be ever thus my comforter ; methinks I feel already inspired with heavenly forgiveness. But, come, let us haste to wait on Mrs. Willoughby,—I am impatient to see her—and behold, the evening gets late ; the Sun, some hours, has withdrawn its cheering rays, and bright Luna has begun to tinge yon tow'ring trees with silver : The Shepherds have secured their fleecy care, and plodding homeward, hail joy, content, and happiness, in the bosom of their families.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

(*A Room in Mrs. WILLOUGHBY'S House.*)

Enter THOMAS FEARFUL.

Thomas Fearful. What the plague can my Mistress and that old rogue of a Doctor be plotting?—coffin, shroud, and Devil knows what beside, nobody dead in the house or apparently like to die ! I've a strange misgiving at my heart :—It was but this morning, I received a bottle of medicine from his shop, and I have felt myself queerish ever since I've taken it.—Zounds ! I'm all in a cold sweat with apprehension,—

prehenſion,—ſurely the coffin isn't intended for me :—But what advantage can poſſibly accrue to old Belzebub from poisoning me ?—O Lord ! —O dear !—perhaps to ſlice, boil, and wire me up for a ſkeleton ;—ſo the coffin's to prevent ſuſpicion,—but that my miſtreſs ſhould coincide with this diabolical old death-hunter,—I muſt acknowledge that circumſtance confounds me. But who knows what plauſible ſtory he may have fabricated to deceive her ?—Poſſibly he may have perſuaded her, that I am afflicted with ſome incurable diſorder, and nothing but my ſpeedy diſſolution will ſave the family from the ſame infection ;—or that I have been bit by a mad dog,—and now I recollect, old Tray, whom the Groom killed ſome days ſince, they ſaid was mad, and it was reported in the houſe that Tray had bit me—it muſt be ſo ;—Zounds ! there was a twinge,—I feel the curſt arſenic preying on my vitals :—Phew ! there was a twinge again,—oh ! oh ! oh dear !—ſee how my hands ſhake, my teeth chatter, and my knees knock againſt each other ; my eyes grow dim, my tongue ſwells, and my mouth waters ; —oh that damn'd Doctor, that infernal Doctor ; Phew !—O my poor vitals,—I'm dying,—I'm dying,—I'm dead—I'm dead. (*Lies down.*)

F

SCENE

SCENE VI.

(Bell rings)

Enter DOCTOR FORTVILLE.

Doctor Fortville. Sirrah ! don't you hear the bell ring ?

Thomas Fearful. Oh ! I'm dead—I'm poison'd—I'm dead——

Doctor Fortville. Poison'd, are you ! and pray who poison'd you ?

Thomas Fearful. Oh ! that imp of Belzebub, Doctor Fortville !

Doctor Fortville. The Devil he did ! and you're dead, are you ?

Thomas Fearful. I'm dead——dead as charity in the breast of a Miser.

Doctor Fortville. Then shall my cane prove thy resurrection ; — there, scoundrel, take that—— (Beats him.

Thomas Fearful. Oh ! murder, sword, fire, poison ; murder, murder, murder——

(Scrambles up, and runs off.

Doctor Fortville. To kill the living, numbers strive,

But few to make the dead alive.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Oh, Sir ! now's the time, Mr. Alfred's in the coffin.

Doctor Fortville. Ha ! how came he there. ?

Servant.

Servant. You must know, Sir, Mr. Alfred was arrested at the Spouting Club, for the same debt which he expected my Mistress would send the Steward to discharge; and imagining, I suppose, that some mistake must have occurred, through the forgetfulness of my Mistress, or negligence of the Steward, himself with his noisy companions have just been here to enquire particulars; Mr. Alfred, intoxicated, fell asleep in the arms of those, who brought him here; the Steward, by order, discharged the Bailiff, dismissed his noisy set, and conveyed him to the coal-vault,—where, Sir, the Servants you have appointed, wait your pleasure.

Doctor Fortville. I'll attend immediately.—Now if I am but as fortunate in convincing this man that he's dead, as I have been successful in evincing the other he was alive, I don't doubt but the issue will turn out to my expectation.

[Exit, with the Servant.]

S C E N E VII.

(*Coal Vault, a Coffin in the centre; ALFRED lies asleep in the Coffin. DOCTOR FORTVILLE and the Servants with lights in their hands, disguised as Infernals; after a short space of time, ALFRED awakes, and sits upright in the Coffin, after being summon'd by Dr. FORTVILLE.*)

Doctor Fortville. Alfred ! Alfred ! Alfred !

Alfred. “ Who is he with voice unblest,

“ That calls me from the bed of rest,

“ 'Tis now the very witching time of

“ night

“ When church-yards yawn—and Hell it-

“ self breathes out

“ Contagion to the world.

“ If all the Devils in Hell be drawn in

“ htle,

“ I'll speak to you.”

Doctor Fortville. Lift ! Lift ! Oh Lift !

Alfred. Now for it then ;—Heyday ! what have we here ?—coffin !—am I awake, or in a dream, or do my eyes deceive me,—why, dam'ne, I'm not dead. (*Rises from the coffin.*)

Doctor Fortville. For thy excesses, drunkenness, and debauchery, while on earth, art thou doom'd to everlasting torment, to be roasted in eternal fire, by the devil and his angels.

Alfred. Avaunt, thou spectre ! (*rather alarm'd*) —For my excesses while on earth—it cannot be. Some trick to terrify me,—if that's the case, those who have thus caused me to be alarm'd, have got their wishes ; for I never felt myself so awkwardly situated before.—Say, am I right ? pronounce it but a joke, and I forgive you all. (*Servants groan.*) — Mercy defend me !
where

where will all this end :—However, I'll not be alarm'd. (*With resolution.*)

— (*Dr. Fortville advances to the foot of the coffin.*

“Avaunt! and quit my fight, let the earth
“hide thee,

“Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is
“cold :

“Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

“Which thou do'st glare with.”

(*Dr. Fortville beckons Alfred to follow him.*

“What man dare, I dare: approach ~~thee~~ *there*

“Like the rugged Russian Bear, the armed

“Rhinoceros, or

“The Hircanian Tyger, take any shape

“But that, and my firm nerves shall never

“tremble.

“Hence, horrible shadow.”

Spight of my boasted resolution, I begin to feel myself terrified.

Doctor Fortville. Thy doom is fixt, the unalterable decree is past, prepare to receive that punishment, which thy horrid excesses have so justly merited.

Alfred. Ah! again.——A sudden tremor rushes on my frame—My senses are absorbed in apprehension—My brain is all on fire! a wild abyss of thought—O the fell stings——

Doctor Fortville. Hence, whining!—Thy doom

doom is fix'd irrevocably ; prepare thee then,
nor with cowardly lamentation expect to move
the decree so justly pronounc'd against thee—
seize him——

Alfred. Oh ! hold, in mercy, cease awhile.

(On his knees to Doctor Fortville.)
This once forgive my past errors, the indiscre-
tions of my youth ; suffer me once more to re-
fill the station from whence I have so late been
taken, transport me from this place of horror,
and——

Doctor Fortville. No more ; Demons assail
him.

Alfred. Then fortune do thy worst.

*(Alfred starts up, and attempts to run off, the
Servants pursue him in all directions, darting
fire in his face, 'till worn out with fruitless at-
tempts to escape, he faints away.)*

(Dr. Fortville throws off his black cloak.)

Doctor Fortville I am afraid we have pursued
this business a little too far ; a thought strikes
me, bear him this way. *(Servants bear him off.)*

S C E N E VIII.

The Drawing-Room.

*(Enter Doctor Fortville, with Servants,
supporting ALFRED, who still continues in a
swoon.)*

Doctor

Doctor Fortville. There, softly lay him on the sofa,—there, that will do, retire——

(Applies Hartshorn to his Nose.

I hope, young gentleman, this lesson will not be thrown away upon you— *(Alfred recovers.*

Alfred. Avaunt! ye imps of darkness!—nor dare assail me more;—see! it's there still!—

(jumps off the sofa, terrified

The fire still whizzes 'bout my ears,—where am I?——

Doctor Fortville. How do you feel yourself now, Sir. Since you left your company at the club, have I been watching beside you; perceiving as your companions were bearing you home, that you were ill, and medical assistance necessary, I persuaded Mrs. Willoughby to have you conducted here, proposing myself to attend and give you that assistance your situation seem'd to require. But say, how feel you, Sir? Why that earnest look?

Alfred. Can it be possible!—Merciful God! then was it but a dream?—Amazement!—— O Doctor, did I but relate to you my dream!—Heaven defend me! my blood runs chill with horror.—— Pray conduct me to Mrs. Willoughby; my future life shall be as that good woman has ever advis'd me.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

(Enter Mrs. WILLOUGHBY, HALYARD, and Sir BERTRAND ORWELL.)

[*Alfred on his knees, to Mrs. Willoughby*]

Alfred. O Madam ! can'st thou receive to thy favour an humble penitent, who wishes to forsake the paths of vice, and imitate those virtues so conspicuous in thyself.—I see you can—I perceive forgiveness beam benignant from your eyes,—accept then, Madam, my most fervent contrition, and when I offend again, may I be the veriest outcast in nature.

Mrs. Willoughby. Rise, Alfred ; be but what thou promisest, and I shall be proud to acknowledge myself ~~your~~ friend. But here are other claims on your affections, and those you little dream of.

Alfred. Mean you Halyard ? Madam, he has ever had my deepest gratitude ; tho' I am afraid my conduct latterly has almost obliterated from his memory the existence of our former friendship.

Halyard. Not so, either,—however your deviation from the paths of rectitude may have pain'd me ; I ever entertain'd the most rooted affection for you,—and now my dear Alfred, the time's arrived, that I have long promised to disclose to you the secrets of your birth. In Sir Bertrand Orwell, behold your grandfather.

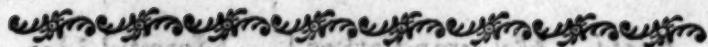
Alfred.

Alfred. My grandfather ! — Merciful Heaven ! the very man whom I this morning so thoughtlessly insulted, — confusion ! — O Sir, — my remorse for — my contrition — (*on his knees*) — I dare not look thee in the face, till thou pronounce my pardon.

Sir Bertrand. Accept it then ; we have been both to blame : — I planted the root of evil in deserting thy father, and 'tis fit I should partake of the fruits of the tree ; accept then my condonation, and here I acknowledge you heir to my title and estates.

Alfred. Your goodness overcomes me, Sir ; the transition from the lowest depth of human misery, to this transcendent and unlook'd for happiness, has quite unmann'd me. O Halyard ! how shall I ever make atonement to you, for your unexampled kindnesses.

Halyard. By forsaking the paths of folly and dissipation, and becoming a good Member of Society. The secrets of thy birth, when thou art sufficiently composed, shall be more explained to thee. If the spirits of departed bodies are suffer'd to behold the proceedings on this orb below, I hope my dear Master's acquits me, in fulfilling those promises I made him in our last sad interview.



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